

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

THE SECRETS OF CABALISM.

THE account given of the Cabalists in an extract from "Le Compte de Gabalis," renders much detail of their principles unnecessary. But the beautiful dream of Rosicrucius was mingled in the last century with more dangerous fanaticism. After fabling elegantly with gnomes, sylphs, nymphs, and salamanders, a few philosophers amused themselves with a creed, by which they compounded human nature of the four elements, and ascribed the vivacity, meekness, fortitude, or apathy of the soul, to the prevalence of one or more of these constituents. It was not difficult to graft a kind of fatalism on this creed; for if the actions of men are caused by the influence of a prevailing element, they are in some degree predestined to such actions, and not morally responsible. The next inference is, that such combinations of the four great principles of life, fire, water, earth, and air, must be accidental, or subject to no ruling providence. Thus, at least, a few German metaphysicians reasoned, and their disciples were very well pleased with a system so accommodating.

In the last years of Gustavus the Third's reign, when the French revolution had thrown upwards all the froth of modern philosophy, a sect of this kind found its way into Gothland. One of its proselytes was a descendant of the great Wallenstein and father of a young captain in the royal guard, whose misconduct caused one of its companies to be disbanded, and their officers expelled from Sweden. Count Wallenstein heard of his son's disgrace with considerable coldness. "There is too much of the fluctuating and uncertain element in that boy," said the cabalistical father;—"some fountain-nymph, some blue-eyed Egeria," will find employment for a Numa so young and romantic. I shall leave him to seek a guardian in his own element."

After this speech Count Wallenstein named his son no more, and seemed to bury himself in his new studies. He employed a French mechanic to construct for him an automaton of great power, capable, when the stone to which it was attached received any pressure, of advancing, rising, and moving its hands with significant and inviting gestures. He was heard to say, on the authority of some profound students, that mechanism and chemistry might go near to produce a human being, and his labours to perfect his favourite work were very long and private. Whether he hoped to animate it like a second Prometheus, and what means he pursued, were known only to himself and his confidential artisan. Secrecy has always been an essential part of cabalism, and perhaps not the least charm to its professors.

There was at some distance from the little river Wreda, a low wooden house occupied by an unknown Frenchman. He had neither wife nor child, nor any servant except a negress, whose shape and colour were amply sufficient to dismay intrusive

spies. The Swedish peasants had no hesitation in pronouncing her one of those sorceresses whose incantations are still feared, yet permitted, in the North. The habitation of these two recluses was in the hollow of a defile made by two rocks, whose faces so nearly met, that the sun could seldom penetrate to their utmost depth even in his highest noon. These rocks were desolately bare, except when the thin white smoke from Bertrand's chimney rose curling over their sides, and gave a kind of softness to their purple tint. Two goats and a watch-dog occupied the narrow stockade or enclosure which the Frenchman and his negress had erected round their dwelling, into which no guest was ever admitted. They had spent seventeen years in its seclusion, but Bertrand was not always within his own walls. He took weekly and sometimes daily walks of great length, and his faithful Mooma was not permitted to inquire into their purpose. They might be to make purchases at the next hamlet, for he generally carried with him a knapsack or large basket, and in the beginning of the winter he was more inquisitive respecting shamoy and furs than appeared necessary for his own wardrobe. But the eighteenth winter brought with it a fatal disease which prevented his excursions, and he looked every day at the setting sun, or at the rings which marked the progress of time on his pine-tree torch, with frantic impatience. When three weeks of the darkest month had passed, Bertrand called Mooma to the side of his mattress, pointed to a basket which stood empty beside him, and commanded her to fill it with some cakes of rye-flour, a flask of milk, and a piece of honeycomb which he had selected. He beckoned to the dog which usually attended his walks, and seemed as if he had been going to add some urgent orders, but the hand of death was on him. He stretched his hand towards the door with a cry of agony, and died.

Mooma's intellect was well suited to the degree of abject servitude she had borne so many years. To obey her master, to prepare his coarse food, and perform the drudgery of his hovel, was all her knowledge, and she had been content to share his kindness with the animals domesticated about her. She looked at Bertrand's stiffening features with very little comprehension of the dismal change his death might produce in her situation; and when she had composed his body, and sung the wild melody of an African dirge, she took up the basket and set forth, guided by the unchanging instinct of nature.

The huge water-dog seemed to hesitate between his desire to remain with his dead master and his accustomed duty of attending the basket. The latter prevailed, and Mooma following his gambols as he snuffed his way through the drifted snow, arrived, after a very long walk, at a place which seemed to her superstitious eyes a mansion for some unknown deity. It was a large circular space about half a mile in extent, covered with smooth and shining ice, except in the centre, where a tuft of dwarf trees, crusted with icicles, appeared like a knot of crystal pillars wreathed with diamonds. Something like a dim haze hovered over the highest, and sometimes floated in the wind, while Mooma stood gazing on it as if it had been the breathing of the deity she feared. Her

shaggy companion showed less fear; and seizing the basket from her hand, walked across the blue circle of the ice, and deposited it among the frozen trees. He returned bounding and gamboling, till Mooma, conceiving that this offering of food was meant by her dead master to propitiate some unseen power, such as her savage countrymen worshipped, turned her face homewards, hoping to have secured the happy passage of his soul.

Bertrand lay undisturbed in his winding-sheet when she returned to his hut; and this faithful servant's next task was to deposit him under the richest turf in his little garden. She decorated it with a few beads and shells, all that she had preserved of her native land, and sung the dirge of her tribe until the bitterness of the midnight frost forced her back to her solitary hearth. Winter passed and spring returned without causing any change in her mode of life, for her little stock of oil, rye-flour, and the milk of her goats, sufficed for light and nourishment. And the dog's gestures and joyful bark reminded her every seventh morning to replenish the basket, and carry it again to the spot which seemed familiar to him: and Mooma still believing this a religious rite in some way useful to her dead master, fulfilled it with humble and patient fidelity.

But as the brighter and warmer days approached, the scene of her mysterious duty changed from a sheet of ice to a lovely lake, and the bower of the centre became green. Still the dog plunged resolutely with his charge into the water, swam across, and having deposited it in some invisible recess, returned with his usual expressions of delight. And in this dreary and unfrequented region, the poor negress found comfort in these excursions to perform what seemed a communion with some friendly spirit of the water.

Curiosity has so little part in the uncultivated African's character, that Mooma might have continued her obedience to Bertrand's last command without further investigation, and with a comforting belief that her little tenement's safety was secured by this mysterious ceremony. But on the 19th March, 1792, as she returned from her weekly excursions, her dog's furious howlings and the print of strange feet in the snow informed her of a stranger's visit. Opening the door of her hut, and looking round, she saw the coffer of her dead master had been ransacked, and the only apparel it contained taken out.—Part of a rye-loaf and a flask of rum had been taken also, but a small piece of silver was left on the board. It appeared to Mooma of so much more value than the things removed, that she fell on her knees and kissed it with reverence, as the gift of that beneficent spirit to which she paid, as she supposed, her weekly tributes. In one respect Mooma was not mistaken.—The rix-dollar was in reality much more in worth than the tattered gray cloak and suit of shamoy leather which the interloper had purloined, but they were of infinite value in his eyes, and except the morsel of rye-bread moistened in rum, he had tasted nothing for several hours. Clothed in his stolen garb, he made haste to a lonely road which led by many detours and dangerous precipices to a house near the town called Granna.

This house was large, and had the air of a nobleman's mansion, though ill-built and neglected. Our stranger forced him-

self through a broken gate into a green court-yard, and through a loophole once meant for an arrow-slit into the interior of this house, where no one seemed likely to oppose him: for only an old man was sitting alone in a sort of a laboratory; and the figure of the intruder so much resembled the great Tycho Brahe's in his grotesque fur-cup and ill-suited leathern coat, that the student stood aghast as if his lucubrations had raised the ghost of Danish philosophy. "Put out the lights," said the new-comer sternly—"the seventeenth of March is over—he is dead—." Count Wallenstein knew his son's voice, and ran to embrace him—"I have not an hour to lose," added young Otto—"the gates of the city are shut—I escaped thus far by miracle—are you alone?" "What is done! what is escaped!" asked the old Count, as if he had feared to understand the desperate import of his son's countenance. Otto made no answer, and the trampling of horses towards his house announced the extremity of danger. "Take this ring and this purse, my son!—pass through the lowest window, and keep to the right of the lake—if no smoke is rising, wait till a woman's hand beckons among the rocks."

Young Wallenstein made but one leap through the outlet into his father's deserted park, and heard the clanging of horses' hoofs before the gate as their riders drew themselves round in array to prevent the flight of any inhabitant. But he had strong nerves and muscles—every winding was known to him, and he crept under and among piles of drifted snow, which the early sun of spring had not yet dissolved. He was soon out of sight and hearing—the immediate danger was passed, and he went at a tardier pace to the lake. What place of refuge was he to expect there? Every thing on its banks was silent and desolate, but perhaps the absence of all human visitants might be his father's motives for selecting such an asylum. But as he listened with ears quickened by alarm, the word of command given to soldiers, whose trumpet sounded dully on the frozen air, was distinctly audible. "There was no alternative: a pile of rocks seemed at a safe distance near the centre; and before the first horseman had turned upon the banks, Otto plunged in, and swam desperately towards it.

Meanwhile Count Wallenstein received the visit of an armed detachment with the courtesy and coolness of an accomplished statesman. He permitted their official search, heard their strange intelligence, which the commander hardly ventured to hint, and dismissed them with abundant promises to assist their purpose. When the troop had left his domain, he sent his few servants to their beds, and retired himself to his laboratory. He sat there musing and in deep silence till he supposed all asleep. Then with his lamp in one hand and a mask in the other, he descended to the lowest apartment of his house. He was followed unseen by an armed man, the commander of the troop which had visited him to search his tenement a few hours before. This man knew the strange and reserved character of Count Wallenstein, and, by bribing a menial, had obtained means of re-entering and watching. He was not disappointed in his expectations of discovering something. Through the crevice of a door studded with iron, but shrunk by

age, he saw eleven men seated round a table lighted by the single lamp which the elder Wallenstein had placed upon it.

"We are all assembled," said one at the head of the assembly, "except one—yet the seventeenth of March is past." "Past, but seen only through a shadow," answered another voice—"we know not yet how far the spirits of earth may subdue those of a nobler element." "If to give earth to earth be a deed fit for those who profess to be nowise akin to earthly things," replied the first speaker, bending down his head and crossing his arms on the horoscope spread before him,—"had this thing prospered," he added, in a broken tone, "the twelfth chair at this table would not have been vacant now. We have trusted too much to our wisdom—too little to Providence."

"To Providence," was echoed by a dark gaunt man, whose face, though half masked, discovered the grimness of a maniac—"What is that Providence?—If, as our great master teaches us, the elements have separate ministers that busy themselves in the affairs of men, there is not one but many providences, and we have no right to doubt that one of them at least will befriend us." "You are right," said Wallenstein—"And why should a word affright us?—What ignorant men call death is but the transmigration of a spirit to its parent element. He who fell on Tuesday had a soul which the world said was a spark of the rarest fire. What if he has passed by the help of fire into a better and fitter state?"

"Still," answered the first speaker, "I see not how we had a right to dispose of his body of that spark by force. If the elements were not blended in him so justly as our science deems fit, we have yet no right to dissolve what we could not amend." "We have not dissolved, we have only altered," interrupted the enthusiast fiercely—"Earth will receive her part of him—fire has claimed its own—air has his last breath—water—O! there was nothing of that pure and gentle element in his composition. But," he added, pausing and looking at the former speaker, "enough of its coldest particles are in some among us." "There is iron in water," retorted his opponent, "and you may find strength where there seems only temperance. If the spirits of the element you name delight in murder, it would have been well if they had all been smothered when the upper crust of the earth fell in, as your philosophers pretend, at the first deluge." The sarcastic sneer on his lip, betrayed by the curl of his thick mustachio, was not unobserved by Wallenstein, who filled his huge silver cup to the brim. "Whatever be the power and properties of water," he said in a jovial tone, "we will not try them here. Brothers and friends, let us drink to the nymph of the Wreden lake."

The masked Divan rose, pledged the cup with joined hands, and their president instantly extinguished the lamp. It seemed as if they all departed by different doors, and the Swedish soldier was left alone in his covert. He was powerfully and strangely affected by all he had seen. The mysticism of their language, the apparatus of crucibles and Leyden jars, and he bags of earth, stoves, and bladders, attached to the persons of the speakers, appeared at once grotesque and hideous. There was enough, however, to excite both his curiosity and his loyal zeal, and the last allusion to the Wreden lake determined him to adventure there. He left the house by the same means that had enabled him to enter it, and bent his steps to the banks which his troop had already reconnoitred.

The Swede mused all the way on the obscure hints he had gathered concerning the spirits of the water, and paused once or twice before he tried his strength in swimming across the lake to the island-rock where he supposed the murderer might be concealed. By frequent and

cautious surveys, he discovered a prominent rock in a part of the islet nearest the main shore, distinguished by something like a flight of steps. He even imagined, as the water lay calm and clear, that the fragments of rock piled under these steps had the appearance of an artificial barricade. The soldier's eye was keen and experienced. He dived like a bird of the water, and alighted on a point very little below its surface. But an apparition rose before him which seemed to change his blood into the same cold element. A creature gradually advanced from behind the reef of caverned rocks in the semblance of a female. Her long dripping hair was tangled with weeds and sand, but there was motion in her eyes, and in the hands that seemed to act like oars upon the water. Presently she rose breast-high above it, and remained still, her neck shining in the moonlight like polished ivory. The soldier's eyes fastened themselves on this spectacle, and all that he had heard of the Count's communion with beings of another species came upon his thoughts. Still he stood firm on the base of the rock, though without strength enough to move. The mermaid, if such a name may be given to the nymph of the lake, only raised her hand as if to beckon him away, and her large blue eyes dwelt on him with a fascinating gaze. Either his dazzled eyes or the motion of the water seemed to bring her nearer; and making one instinctive effort, he charged his carbine which he had brought slung over his shoulder, and fired. The ball rebounded as from a stone, but the flash of another musket passed close to his head. The soldier, however daunted by a nymph of the lake, had no fears of ordinary beings, and deeming he had a mortal enemy to deal with, he stepped back, and again loading his fusil, discharged it through the crevice from whence the hostile bullet had proceeded. It was answered by a deadly groan. He bent down, and looking into the chasm, saw Count Wallenstein's son struggling with death. The generous soldier rushed him up, and would have forced a cordial into his lips. "It is too late," said Otto, "but I have lived long enough. Carry me farther into the cave and let me die."

"Ah, Wallenstein!" said the soldier, "why did you not trust me?—How could I expect to find you in this deplorable disguise? But the seventeenth of March is past, and the King still lives." "He must die!" answered Otto; "Ankerstroem charged his pistol trebly, and his aim was sure. Make your own escape. There is a peril nearer than you dream of!"

He would have said more, but voice and life failed him. His last words only roused and confirmed the courage of the Swedish soldier. He took the cap and cloak of the dead body, and went farther into the cave, from which a thin smoke seemed to ascend. It guided him to a kind of recess arched with the living rock, and lighted only by a fire of pine-tree. Near it sat a man of singularly gaunt and grim figure muffled in a military cloak, with a large sack beside him. "Make your escape," said the soldier, imitating the voice and phrase of young Wallenstein—"there is a peril nearer than you dream of." "What then?" retorted the rufian—"have I not shared it with our comrades eighteen months?—Thanks to the faithful fool, and a dog's cunning, we have not starved here. What! did the wooden mermaid scare away the spy!—"He is safe," said the loyal Swede, lowering his voice, and retiring into the most shadowy corner.—"So will I be!" rejoined his companion—"Your master Rosicrucius had an iron effigy to guard his tomb—his disciples have painted one to secure their treasury—I will show you better machinery." So saying, he made a leap towards the outlet of the cave, but the troop had forded the lake and crowded in to the assistance of their command-

er. They seized the regicide's accomplice, and found in the recesses of the cave all the correspondence, gold, weapons, and ammunition of the traitorous cabal; The automaton, artfully constructed to guard the entrance when the foot of a stranger invaded it, was hewn to pieces, and Ankerstroem's miserable death on the scaffold terminated one daring effort of political cabalism.

THE CONTRAST.

George and Frederick Reynolds were twins. They were similar in features, and similar in propensities. Both were alike inclined to virtue, or rather both were, like "tender osiers," formed to take the bent which any directing hand should give them. Their father died, and left his property, which was not inconsiderable, divided equally between them: so far they were equal. George, however, was the favourite of an aged uncle; and uncles, in their dotage, have sometimes unwarrantable predilections.—George was often sent for from school to amuse his uncle: Frederick was strictly kept to study, and acquired a taste for reading: George acquired a disrelish to it. Their uncle died, and left George his heir; George played, and trifled, and ran up and down, and did mischief—did every thing, and was expert at every thing, except application. No one better at robbing an orchard, and no one better at a downright denial of it. No one better at climbing a tree for a bird's nest; and no one better at cajoling his fellows out of their share of plunder.

Why was not Frederick caught stealing and lying? Why was not Frederick beat by the gardener, or why did he not tumble down from the branch into the river? Not that he did not love fruit as well as his brother. What then is the secret? Frederick had another pleasure, which George could not relish. He was reading all the while; and when the master beat George, and asked his brother how it came that he was not of the party, he replied, without seeming to claim any merit, "Sir, I had something else to employ me."

Both left school, and both entered of the same college. While George went a-hunting, sailing, shooting, Frederick read.—George got drunk, kicked up a riot, lost his eye in the brawl, was obliged to pay a large sum to an inhabitant of the town he had maimed for life; and, to crown all, was expelled. "How can you keep yourself out of all these scrapes?" said he to his brother, as at parting he shook hands, and borrowed money of him. "By having something else to do," said Frederick. George went into the army; and being a time of peace, was constantly engaged in dissipation. An evening alone would have put him to the rack.—"He had nothing else to do," and was obliged therefore to go into company. His mind had no fund. He had no information. He had nothing else to say, and was forced to talk of eating, drinking, hunting, dressing, and gaiety. Sometimes he exhausted these subjects, and sometimes met people who did not care for them.—On such occasions, not because he had any malice, but that he might not be thought a dry fellow, for such persons he had another topic. He discussed living characters, knowing nothing of dead ones. He inadvertently said, a certain colonel was a paltrio. The son of that colonel sat opposite to him, by accident, at the mess. The consequence was a challenge. "How could you be so inconsiderate?" said Frederick, who hastened to counsel him. "There was a pause in conversation—one could not be silent, and that was the only thing that struck me at the time."—"Were there no other subjects to talk of?"—"That's the plague—I knew

of none."—"Could you not have left such a stupid party?"—"Was I to go and mope alone?—what do you talk about? Poor, miserable, uninteresting stuff, history, biography, travels, poetry." "Perhaps I was reading these; perhaps musing on them. But you, perhaps, may get yourself shot through the head, and a pretty epitaph you will deserve:—'Here lies the man, who was shot for talking ill of his neighbours. But, reader! remember he had no ill-will. He made the observation which caused his death, only, because—he had nothing else to say.'"

George was advised by his more prudent brother to make an apology. He complied; was branded as a coward, and, to avoid insult, was forced to resign his commission. He now frequented the faro table, not that he liked the game, not that he wanted money; but for the old reason, to fill up a heavy hour. George lost and lost, till he lost all. He borrowed of his brother, and lost again. "How can you return to that detestable place?" was Frederick's expression in an affectionate letter which enclosed £1000. "How can you still haunt the gaming table, when you say you have no taste for such a ruinous amusement?" "It was wrong, I confess," was the reply; "yet how can one help it, when one has no other way of killing time?" Having exhausted his last supply, and being ashamed to solicit his brother for any more, George was at length driven upon the highway. Fortune was unpropitious again. His pistol snapped; he dropt it with trepidation, and was apprehended with the purse in his possession. Evidence glared against him; and George Reynolds was cast and condemned.

Meanwhile Frederick was the accomplished gentleman, courted for his talents, and respected for his virtues, crowned with honours, and rich in a fund which poverty itself could not deprive him of: talents, virtues, honours, and treasures, which were all owing to the plan of mental improvement he had originally adopted, and sedulously pursued.

By the influence of some friends, George was respite from time to time, and often communicated with his brother. "Did not I offer to share with you," said Frederick, "what I had left? Did I not tell you how little satisfied the wants of the man whose pleasure is literature? Why would you not retire with me to a rational life, improve your mind, and cultivate more commendable, not less perfect, delights?" "Alas!" said George, "it was too late; my mind was by that time vitiated and debased, my appetite was pallied, and needed variety; I had no internal resources; I was miserable unless when engaged in dissipation; and that retirement, which is your purest enjoyment, would have been to me a canker corroding the heart. But, oh! had I but followed your advice and your example, I then had not brought this sorrow on my own head, and this shame upon yours." "It is not yet too late," said Frederick: "here is a reprieve!" The brothers sunk into each other's arms; they mingled tears, and exchanged inviolable friendship; and George vowed an eternal repudiation of his follies and crimes. He kept his promise, and soon found it was never too late to taste the pleasures of the mind. He retired with Frederick far from his former idle and vicious companions. He was as yet but twenty-three years old. He was instructed and assisted by his brother. They were twins in their studies, and twins in their hearts.—George was never afterwards driven to the exclamation, "*Tedet celi convexa tueri*:" and when, behind the curtain, he looked through the peepholes at the world, at narratives of duels and drunken broils, at trials for robbery, injustice, and seduction, he perceived that the perpetrators, had they attended to the cultivation of their better part, would have "wanted but little here below," and

would never have been involved in such difficulties and misfortunes; in one word, would have possessed an ægis against temptation: "having something else to do," than listen to its solicitations.

ORIGIN OF THE
PRIORY OF THE TWO LOVERS,
NEAR ROUEN, IN NORMANDY.

In the twelfth century lived one of those titled barbarians who prided themselves in that prerogative of impunity which was one of the characteristics of the feudal government, and which was indeed quite worthy of such a system. The sole delight of this haughty Baron seemed to be in frequent and capricious displays of savage despotism. He was continually conceiving the most absurd ideas of amusement; and his Gothic imagination ever selected that which bordered most on the ferociousness of cruelty. To a brutal rage for singularity, like this, we may doubtless trace the origin of those whimsical services that were appendant to our ancient fiefs, and which the enlightened legislators of modern times ought universally to eradicate.

Our Baron was happy in all those extravagant freaks, in which high birth and unbounded riches could enable him to indulge. An only daughter he had, named Genevieve, whom the chronicles of those times have handed down to us as a paragon of beauty. It may be imagined, in course, that a crowd of rivals contended for the honour and the happiness of her hand. Nor can we suppose the peerless Genevieve herself unsusceptible of the tender passion. Baldwin, a young Chevalier in the neighbourhood, had certainly no reason to doubt it. Amiable he was, and amiable did he appear in the eyes of the charming maid.

Ardent and reciprocal was the passion they cherished. His, however, the young Chevalier studiously concealed from every eye. His patrimony was too slender to encourage aspiring hopes, and in conjugal alliances does interest too often preside with fatal sway. Through no other medium did the father of Genevieve view her lover. To a thousand exalted qualities, the liberal gifts of nature, he was totally insensible. Baldwin was convinced then, that he never could be the husband of the beautiful Genevieve. But does love ever reason? He listens; he attends only to the tender sentiment, and no obstacles does that sentiment perceive.—Has love then sufficient resources in himself? Every day the tenderness of the two lovers increased; and, increasing, it seemed to become irresistible.

The Baron is not long unacquainted with their mutual passion. He surprises the young Chevalier with his daughter. He could perceive the ingenuous frankness of modesty in the one, with ardent and inexpressible ecstasy in the other. In the first suggestions of fury, he would have sacrificed Baldwin to immediate vengeance. Genevieve throws herself at her father's feet: she bedews them with her tears: she implores her lover's pardon: "I will not survive him," cries the beautiful maid: "Save him, my father; hurt him not; or I die with him—I perish on the spot!" The old Baron was not unaffected by her tears; yet still his savage temper had the ascendant. Pointing to a hill near his castle, "Young man," said he, "you have been presumptuous enough to think a moment of my daughter. Nevertheless she shall be your wife, if you will carry her, without stopping, to the top of yonder hill; but the least repose shall cost you the prize."—The chevalier does not suffer him to finish. He flies to his mistress, takes her in his arms, and runs towards the hill, exclaiming, "You shall be mine—you shall be mine." A crowd of vassals assisted at a scene that was at once so barbarous and so singular.

Love has very justly been painted with a bandage over his eyes. Baldwin, in the excessive ardour of his passion, had not perceived the extreme difficulty of his undertaking. His eyes—his whole soul was fixed on Genevieve. He ascended the hill with inconceivable swiftness; he had wings: he felt the heart of his mistress palpitate against his own. "I tremble my dear friend," said she; "you will not reach, you will not reach the top—moderate your impetuosity." "Fear nothing, fear nothing, my adorable Genevieve. You know not the power of Love. I could reach—I could gain the skies!"

The whole assembly utter vows to heaven for the amiable pair. In a thousand ways they express their encouraging approbation. But the lover's strength begins to fail—he perceives it himself: "My dear, dear Genevieve, speak to me; repeat to me, repeat that you love me. Fix your eyes on me—yes! I shall feel more than mortal powers—you revive me—you strengthen me again." Nature, however, abandons him, Love is now his only support, and what cannot Love achieve? Baldwin now looks towards the summit of the hill, and measures it with his eyes, which he had not done before.

"Ah! is it not very high?" said his terrified mistress. "I shall reach it—I shall reach it." How justly has it been observed, that ardent love is capable of performing miracles! Baldwin, indeed, was no longer a man. It was the Genius of Love that triumphed over insurmountable obstacles. The cries of the spectators resounded on every side. They trembled, they mounted, they panted with the young Chevalier, who was now intently regarding the summit as the period of his efforts. The admiring multitude did not fail to observe all his motions. They saw every member working, struggling, vanquishing fatigue. Genevieve, the beautiful Genevieve was weeping.

At length, the happy Chevalier gains the height. He instantly sinks, with his precious burden on the earth, which he seems to embrace as the monument of his victory. A man of letters would here mention Cæsar, who embraced the earth in like manner, "and for an object of far less consequence" would add some enamoured lover. Acclamations of joy arise. "Baldwin is victor—Baldwin has gained the prize." "My friend, my beloved," exclaims Genevieve, "will now be my husband." She throws herself on his bosom—she lavishes the most tender expressions. Her lover answers not—his eyes are closed—he is motionless: "Oh! heavens!" cries Genevieve, "He is dead—Baldwin, my Baldwin is dead!"

The young conqueror had sunk under his fatigue. "He is dead, he is dead!" mournfully passed from mouth to mouth. Consternation is visible in every countenance. The eyes, the looks of all are fixed on the fatal summit. Genevieve, weeping, presses her lover to her bosom: she strives to recall him to life. Her kisses, her tears revive the Chevalier: he opens an almost lifeless eye: with a faltering voice he can only utter, "I die, Genevieve. Let them give me at least the name of thy husband on my tomb: the sweet idea consoles me—Oh! my only love, receive my last sigh."

The spectators, who did not a moment lose sight of Genevieve, had been restored with her to hope. They had easily understood that Baldwin had revived. They now as easily perceived, that it was only a rapid flash of hope. They were convinced of it by the dreadful shriek with which Genevieve again uttered, "He is dead, he is dead!" In a moment they saw her sink on her lover's corpse.

The inhuman Baron is now agitated by all the terrors of paternal love. He flies to the hill. The crowd hastily follow him. They gain the summit. They find Genevieve with her two-stiffened arms, embracing the unfortunate Baldwin. In

vain would her wretched father revive her. Genevieve, Genevieve herself was now no more. All the people loaded with reproaches the barbarian, who in vain pressed his daughter to his bosom. They raise the two bodies; they place them, weeping, in the coffin. Piety did not fail to consecrate the sentiments of nature and compassion. A chapel was built on the fatal spot; and the father, desiring in some measure to expiate his fault, erected a tomb, in which he ordered, that those whom he would have separated in life, should be united in death.

This place has ever since been called by a name that will perpetuate their melancholy story—"The Priory of the Two Lovers."

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loathe and who want; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

John Hagart, the Scotch Advocate, and Lord Polkennet, a Lord of Session.—Lord P. usually retired to his country residence during that part of the year when the court does no business. John H. equally idle, from a similar cause, went to Shoto; and happening to pass Lord P.'s property, met his Lordship, who politely invited John to take a family dinner with himself, his wife, and daughter. John accepted this invitation; and they all assembled at the hour of dinner. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table, stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, veal's head on one side of the soup, and veal cutlets on the other, calf's foot jelly between the soup and the roast veal, and veal's brains between the stewed veal and the soup. "Noo," says his lordship, in his own blunt way, "Mr. H. you may very likely think this an odd sort of dinner, but ye'll no wonder when you ken the cause of it. We keep nae company, Mr. H.; and Miss B. here, my daughter, caters for our table. The way we do is just this:—we kill a beast as it were to-day, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail, and just gang back again by the other side to where we began."

Madame de Stael.—This celebrated lady, on visiting the metropolis of Great Britain, had scarcely alighted from her post-chaise, when she asked the waiter to show her "The tomb of Richardson!" Richardson, Richardson!" thought the waiter; it cannot be Richardson, the tavern-keeper, in Covent-garden, for he is alive and bustling about his business; it must be Richardson, Goodluck, and Co.; no doubt the elder partner has died, and this lady has some claim upon his assets." To Cornhill, therefore, our sentimental traveller was directed. Not a moment was lost. She drives off, alights from her hackney-coach, pushed by the clerks in the front shop, and addressed a grave-looking man in black, perched up in a kind of pulpit, asks with a faltering voice for "The Tomb of Richardson?" "The tomb of Richardson, Madam! Mr. Richardson was never in better health; he has this moment set off for his country seat."—"You misapprehend me; I mean the divine Richardson."—"Oh! a clergyman! I know no person of the name."—"No, sir, not a clergyman, but the Richardson of Clarissa." "Really we know no gentleman of the name who keeps a lady." At length a reference to the bookseller on the other side of the street set the fair enthusiast right. She hurries off to St. Clement Danes, in the Strand; roused a kindred spirit of enthusiasm in the sexton by a talismanic application of 5s.; follows his lantern (for it was now dark) with a palpitating heart—scrapped

the mud and mould of years off a flat stone, close to the parish pump; reads the long-sought name—drops on her knees to kiss the hallowed marble, and on rising up and surveying her wet and dragged garments, finds too late that the tomb of Richardson is the grave of sentiment.

Otto Guericke, the inventor of the air-pump, used to take great pleasure in a huge water barometer which he had erected in his house at Magdeburg. It consisted of a tube above thirty feet, rising along the wall, and terminated by a tall and rather wide tube, hermetically sealed, containing a toy in the shape of a man. The whole being filled with water, and set in a basin on the ground, the column of liquid settled to the proper altitude, and left the toy floating on the surface; but all the lower part of the tube being concealed under the wainscoting, the little image, or weather-mannikin, as he was called, made its appearance only when raised up into view in fine weather. This whimsical contrivance excited among the populace of Magdeburg vast admiration; and the worthy Burgomaster was in consequence shrewdly suspected by his townsmen of being too familiar with the powers of darkness.

Mr. Carter, the well-known musical composer, did not always meet with that encouragement to which his talents might have entitled him; and as economy was not among the virtues which he practised most, he was often reduced to those straits and difficulties for which genius and talent can plead no exemption. In one of those scenes of embarrassment, his resources having been exhausted, he ransacked the various pieces of composition he had by him; but finding that none nor all of them would produce a single guinea at the music shops, he hit upon the following expedient for the immediate supply of his most pressing necessities. Being well acquainted with the character of HANDAL's manuscript, he procured an old skin of parchment, which he prepared for the purpose to which he meant to turn it, and imitating, as closely as he could, the handwriting, as well as the style and manner of the great master, he produced, in a short time, a piece which so well deceived a music-seller that he did not hesitate to give 20 guineas for it; and the piece passes to this day, among many, for a genuine production of HANDAL.

Long Yarns.—This is a phrase generally used by seamen to denote a species of marvellous stories with which they delight to while away the dreary "mid-watch" and to astonish the wondering minds of such green horns or land-lubbers as may happen to be on board. Amongst these nautical night tales, the most astonishing is that called "The Merry Dunn of Dover!" This was a vessel of such extraordinary magnitude, that she has been known to be receiving a cargo of coals at her bow-port in Sunderland harbour, and discharging them at the same time out of her stern-port into the coal lighters below London Bridge. Such was the height of her masts, that a little boy being sent aloft to clear the pendant, he was so long ascending and descending, that when he returned on deck, he was become so old as to be gray-headed. Working out of the Downs, this amazing ship was of such a length; that in tacking, her flying jib-boom knocked down Calais steeple, at the very instant that the tail of her ensign swept a flock of sheep off the summit of Dover Cliff. The following is an enumeration of the different sails set upon her main mast, beginning at the lowest, viz.—Main-sail, topsail, top-gallant-sail, royal, skyscraper, moon-raker, cloud-disturber, star-sweeper, heaven-poker, and jolly-jumper!

THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COMPER

DESCRIPTION OF WHIDAH.

Whidah is a kingdom of Africa, on the coast of Guinea, and to the west of the Gold Coast, extending about ten miles along the sea. It is a populous country, well furnished with large villages; and there are so many small ones, that they are not above a musket shot from each other. The houses are small, round at the top, and encompassed with mud walls or hedges, together with a great number of all sorts of beautiful and lofty trees, which afford the most beautiful prospect in the world, insomuch that those that have been here represent it as a perfect paradise. The fields are always green, and they cultivate beans, potatoes, and fruits; nor will the negroes here let a foot of ground remain uncultivated. They sow again the very next day after they have reaped. The inhabitants are greatly civilized, very respectful to each other, especially to their superiors, and very industrious. The women brew the beer, dress the victuals, and sell all sorts of commodities at the market. Those that are rich employ their wives and slaves in tilling the land, and they carry on a considerable trade with the product, as well as in slaves; for some of them are able to deliver 1000 of the latter every month. The chief men have generally 40 or 50 wives, the principal captains 300 or 400, and the king 4000 or 5000. They are extremely jealous, and, on the least suspicion, will sell them to the Europeans for slaves. If any one happen to touch one of the king's wives accidentally, he is doomed to perpetual slavery. It is no wonder then that the women are not fond of being the king's wives; and some of them will prefer a speedy death to such a miserable life. They have no distinction of hours, days, weeks, months, or years. The rite of circumcision is used here; but they are not able to tell why they use it, nor whence it is derived. They are such great gamblers, that they will stake all they have at play, not excepting their wives and children. They have a vast number of idols; and they deify the most contemptible animal they see first in the morning, and even stocks and stones. Their principal regard is for snakes, very high trees, and the sea. An English factor found a snake in the house belonging to the factory, and killed it without the least scruple; which so incensed the negroes, that they were for revenging the death of the snake not only upon him that killed it, but upon the whole factory; but by dint of presents, and the interposition of the people of the other factories, this affair was made up, and the snake honourably interred. However, to prevent such accidents, they gave them warning not to do the like for the future. They have oxen, cows, goats, sheep, hogs, turkeys, ducks, and hens; which last are extremely plentiful. There are many elephants, buffaloes, tigers, several kinds of deer, and a sort of hares. The fruits are citrons, lemons, oranges, bananas, tamarinds, &c. and they have vast numbers of palm trees from which they obtain wine. Whidah was conquered by the king of Dahomy. Their trade consists of slaves, elephants teeth, wax, and honey. The English factory is 200 miles east of Cape Coast Castle, within land. Bows, arrows, beautiful assaguays, and clubs, are the principal weapons of the nation.

COURT ENTERTAINMENTS IN GERMANY.

A work has lately appeared in London, entitled, "An Autumn near the Rhine;

or sketches of courts, society, and scenery in Germany, in 1820," from which the following account of a Court entertainment at Darmstadt, is extracted.

The *Fourrier* of the court visits you in the morning with the hospitable invitation of the prince, which, of course, it is not seemly to decline. Sunday is a grand day, when the table is more than ordinarily crowded and splendid. The guests assemble in full dress at the old fashioned hour of two o'clock, in the large and handsome saloons of the palace. The grand dutchess enters with her ladies of honour and chamberlains, and, after half an hour occupied by her progress round the circle, gracefully addressing appropriate conversation to each individual, the exchange of affectionate kisses of greeting between the members of the reigning family, and of civil speeches between the company, the party proceed, arm in arm, with ceremonious regularity to the spacious dinner saloon. Here they take their seats in the order of the procession, the grand dutchess and court occupying the centre of the table. The table is splendidly covered with gold and silver plate, yperns, *plateaux*, and flowers. The system of a German dinner, which is national, because the same at the table of a prince and at the *table d'hôte*, of an inn—bating the additional plate and delicacies of the former—would have precisely hit the taste of a Justice Greedy, as being admirably contrived for the undisturbed dispatch of the business of a meal. On sitting down, you find the board amply covered with dishes—there, merely to afford the eye a preliminary feast. In an instant the servants transport them to the side-board, from whence they are offered, one after another, in prescribed routine, ready carved to the company. In this way the knife and fork are kept in constant occupation, without the awkward interruptions of attention to others, by a succession of from fifteen to five-and-twenty dishes; beginning with invariable soup and *bouilli*, continued by ragouts, made dishes, and *extremits* of various kinds, of course including sausages and sour kroust, summed up with substantial roast meat. Every lady and gentleman have their decanter of light Rhenish or Burgundy before them, which they drink without ceremony; and the more precious wines are handed round in the course of dinner. An attractive neighbour is thus the only possible diversion from the business in hand, which can happen at a German table. The Germans, in fact, due as might be expected of people who do not breakfast—a meal much out of use with them, and rarely extending beyond a light milk roll and a cup of coffee.

Conversation flows on without interruption, and the guests enjoy all the indolent luxury of a banquet. The dessert forms the conclusion of the dinner, and is not, as with us, a systematic recommencement. It is soon dispatched, and the whole company rise—for the gentlemen have neither radicals nor parliamentary debates to discuss; and they prefer coffee, *liqueurs*, and the society of their ladies, to toasting them in bumpers in their absence. The Germans, though not invariably sober, and though often fond of society, do not appear fully to understand those social pleasures of the table, which, when enjoyed in moderation, must be admitted to be no contemptible attraction of English society. I believe the true relish for these "*noctes cœnæque Deum*" is peculiar to ourselves.

LITERATURE.

The Wilderness; or Braddock's Times. A Tale of the West.

We have lately been favoured with the perusal of the manuscript of a new novel, with the above title, which, we observe, is announced for publication in a few weeks. Having recently entered our

protest against all sort of puffing in advance, on the ground that it is injurious to the literary character of the country, and no way calculated to promote the views of those who write for fame, it may be thought inconsistent in us to take any notice of the present work until it is fairly before the public. We should have felt the force of this objection, had we lent our columns to the promulgation of paragraphs intended to obtain patronage for a book we had never read, and, if not written by the author himself, the production, it is more than probable, of some intimate friend, not very conversant with these matters, though full of zeal to display his fancied talent for criticism; or, perhaps, who calculated to come in for a share of the reputation, if the author was so fortunate as to acquire any. But in this case we stand on very different ground. We have read the novel from beginning to end, with the greatest care and attention. We have thus been able to form, and to lay before our readers, an opinion of its merits. We have no friendships, no partialities for the author, which could induce us to deviate from what we consider the straight line of duty; and, finally, although we are inimical to the system of monopolizing public opinion, that has so long prevailed amongst us, we feel no hostility towards that fair and candid manner of noticing a forthcoming work, which is founded on a perfect acquaintance with its contents. What we complain of, is, the indiscriminate practice of praising every book, without regard to its matter or tendency, if a copy is only "presented by the author to the editor."

Under the impression that our exordium will be held admissible, we proceed to remark, that the novel in question is of a truly national character, and embraces a portion of American history pregnant with events, not only important and interesting in themselves, but which gave birth to others whose beneficial influence this country will long feel, and of whose glorious results it will ever boast. It was during that eventful period that the virtues and talents of the great father of our republic were first called into action; when, with all the chivalric spirit of a youthful hero, he drew his patriotic sword in defence of the unfortunate backsettlers of Virginia and Pennsylvania, who were daily exposed to the murderous attacks of the savage tribes, urged on, and assisted in their barbarous incursions, by the French, who were then our national enemies.

To embody the characters and transactions of such a period into the popular form of a novel, we conceive to have been a most happy idea. Its distance from our day is well suited for such a purpose. It is not yet so remote as to be altogether disconnected with the feelings of the present generation; nor so recent as to prevent us from yielding assent to such statements as assume the character of romance; and afford us enjoyment from those embellishments of fancy, in which the license of a novelist may permit him to clothe his narrative.

This novel, however, is more strictly historical than the majority of those that are published as such. In all its leading features it conforms rigidly to the documentary statements of the times and scenes which it describes; and in none of its parts does it contradict them. Hence there is a character of reality diffused over the whole performance, which cannot fail to possess a peculiar charm for every lover of nature and truth.

Historical novels have, of late years, become the most generally attractive of all species of literature. Readers of all tastes, tempers, ranks, and pursuits, resort to them, either for entertainment or instruction, and often for both; for no where else can both be found so intimately and agreeably united. They not only yield enjoyment, but they impart solid information; and thus, while they afford

an excuse for their perusal to those who seek only for pleasure, they possess attractions for those who merely desire instruction. To the moralist they offer accurate and striking pictures of the manners, actions, passions, and fortunes of characters that are known to have really existed, and thereby furnish lessons for the enlargement of knowledge, and precepts for the regulation of life. The young, the luxurious, and the romantic, are, therefore, not ashamed to make that their avowed study to which the grave, the philosophical, and the religious, often have recourse, for purposes altogether serious, dignified, and commendable.

The novel of "*The Wilderness*," abounds with incidents; and, especially in the second volume, when, as we should naturally expect, the plot thickens around us, we believe that the reader, whose mind is in any degree capable of sympathizing in the fortunes of others, will be chained to the narrative with an intensity of interest. As to ourselves, we freely avow, that during the perusal we felt that interest; for we could not contemplate the trying situations, the ardent attachments, and the heroic achievements, of characters, the very names of some of whom we have venerated from our infancy, without being affected far more strongly than novels generally affect us. Indeed the hallowed celebrity of the principal character which this work delineates—that of the revered WASHINGTON, when his young glories were budding around him, and he was thrown into situations which called forth the display of his ardent and generous feelings, his patriotism, his wisdom, and his heroism, delineated, as they are, justly, consistently, and forcibly, cannot fail to produce a strong and pleasing excitement in the mind of every intelligent and virtuous American.

But the circumstance which will, perhaps, operate most strongly in exciting the public curiosity is, that the author has ventured to portray Washington in the character of a lover. The public mind has been accustomed to view this illustrious personage only as history presents him in his public capacity, at the head of armies, in the senate, or presiding over the destinies of a nation. Hence his mind is generally supposed to have been framed only to feel an interest in the great political and national concerns of mankind. But numerous traditional traits of Washington's character render this austere and unnatural opinion of him somewhat questionable, and exhibit him as possessing, in an eminent degree, all the finer and more endearing qualities of the soul, which this writer has seized with avidity, and delineated in a masterly manner. Had we heard of this author, or any author, undertaking such a task, under such circumstances, before we witnessed its execution, we should have, without hesitation, predicted his failure. But having seen the execution, we feel at perfect liberty to say that he has completely succeeded, and has thrown an air of romance over the hero of his tale, which he never before possessed, and in a manner not only agreeable to nature and probability, but almost sufficient to produce confidence in the most minute details of the statement. We also add our opinion, that the warmest admirers of Washington's career could not wish to see him placed in a light more dignified, commanding, and we may say, more glorious than that in which he appears in the trying scenes narrated in this tale.

The Liberal; by Lord Byron and others.

In our last number but one, we announced the publication in London of the second number of "*the Liberal*."—Since then we have been frequently asked if we had read the *first* number? to which we felt regret in being uniformly obliged to answer in the negative.—We say *the*

gret, because we have reason to believe that a copy of the book was sometime ago received in this city, and has been purposely withheld from the public.—We feel no way disposed to question the motives of those who have been instrumental in retarding the appearance of this work; but we cannot allow to pass unnoticed the fact, that efforts have been made, not only in England but in this country, to put down the "Liberal," by ascribing improper motives to Lord Byron, and by giving the work itself an unfair character. A grand jury of Englishmen has declared it a "blasphemous" production, and this, it would seem, has been held sufficient evidence by many of our citizens, that the charge is well founded.—Our unacquaintance with the contents of the number in question, though it may preclude us from pronouncing with absolute certainty as to the fact, does not prevent us from perusing the account, given in the London papers, of the motives which influenced the jury who acted on this occasion, and of the nature and object of the publication which they have denounced. In those journals where a hostility has been uniformly manifested towards the writings of Lord Byron, we no doubt find a justification of this proceeding, and the utmost pains taken to bring discredit on the publication, by giving partial quotations from it, which are stated to be garbled, and the real tendency of them carefully concealed. But, on the other hand, there is not wanting a host of writers, who have espoused the work, and who confidently foretell the triumph of its author over every attempt to injure his reputation. By them the "Liberal," is held up as an *ostensible burlesque on Southey's Vision of Judgment*, which they style a blasphemous work; and, so far as we are capable of judging from the evidence before us, we are inclined to think that they have been successful in their vindication of the noble author. As a specimen of the rhetoric employed by the defenders of the "Liberal," we give the following editorial article from the Leeds Mercury, an old established paper published at Newcastle, and which has long maintained a character for moderation:—

"Throwing out of view all consideration of the merits or demerits of Lord Byron's work in itself, for that is plainly an unjust mode of judging of a poem which was written in ridicule of another, let any impartial person, be he whig or tory, deist or bishop, take the two Visions—the separate works of Southey and Byron in his hand, and say whether conscientiously he would prosecute—nay, not so much—whether conscientiously he would even blame the worst page or stanza in a book, for every line of which there is one ten thousand times more blasphemous in the abominable book by which it was in a manner goaded into existence. We say more blasphemous; but we should not have used such an expression. Lord Byron's book is not blasphemous. It is only an imitation of blasphemy to prove to the world the wickedness of the blasphemers. It is merely a mirror held up to the infamous prostitution of religious language and religious attributes; nay, to the attempt to drag within the sphere of political prejudices the deity himself, that they may know their own image, and scorn their own feature. There is as little of a criminal nature in the work of Lord Byron, as there would be in the conduct of a judge, who should from the bench describe to the guilty in the language of severity the horrors of his guilt—or to a minister of religion, who, in endeavouring to turn the hearts of his hearers to the paths of rectitude, should paint with unflattering truth the dark courses he would warn them to avoid. It is surely no crime to denounce the conduct of the criminal—it is surely no wickedness to guide mankind from the ways of those who sin—it is surely no blasphemy to detect and expose him who blasphemes. The blasphemy is in the motive, and what is Lord Byron's motive? Is it to support baseness, to shield crime, to wound religion, or to stab the state? Is it not, on the contrary, to expose corruption, to censure moral turpitude, to confound cant, and to maintain the cause of truth? Both the Visions of Judgment can never have been read by those who censure the "Liberal," or they would have discovered that what they have alleged to be sedition and blasphemy, is only their antidote. But then, they perhaps exclaim—read Lord Byron's Vision of Judgment by itself, and then you will be convinced of its probable bad effects. To this we reply that they ought to read Mr. Southey's Vision by itself, and not Lord Byron's. The latter was caused by Mr. Southey's—it belongs to it—it would never have existed, but for the previous blasphemy of the laureate. To call Lord Byron a blasphemer, is to call a witness a profane swear-

er because he repeats the oaths some abandoned prisoner had uttered; it is to call the tragic actor a murderer, because he imitates the act of murder in his performance; it is to make all authors, whether philosophers, satirists, or poets, from Lucian to Shaftesbury, from Aristotle to Hume, Kames, and Stewart, from Aristophanes to Churchill, from Shakspeare to Sheridan, responsible for the vices they endeavoured to correct, because they faithfully described them. There is no absurdity to which such a course would not lead us. Our auctioneers would be guilty of every literary offence, because they sold the books in which such offences had been committed—our counsel at the bar would have to be tried after the prisoner, for a faithful portraiture of the crimes of the accused—even the prophets of scripture—nay, the twelve apostles themselves—would have been punishable according to this standard for the serious admonitions in which they delineated the vices from which it was the business of their existence to deter others.

Let it be recollected, however, for our consolation, that this attack is against a person who is not likely to be tamely subdued. Though the prosecution is nominally against the publisher of the *Liberal*, when we call to mind that the libel specified is in the Vision of Judgment, we cannot for a moment conceive that Lord Byron will not look upon it as an open and avowed attack upon himself, and act accordingly. Let it be remembered that his lordship, in speaking of the publication of another of his works, said, "I alone occasioned it, and I alone am the person who either legally or otherwise should bear the burden. If they prosecute, I will come to England." From a man of his lordship's ability and energy of character, and, be it not forgotten, a peer of the realm too, whose privileges are not small in such a case, this is enough to stagger any junta of vulgar prosecutors."

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will extend.

BROOKS.

PARIS THEATRES.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

No. I.

Paris, June 10th.

The French opera is worthy of being the pride of the nation. The splendid decorations, the spacious stage, the rapidity and exactitude of the scene-shifting, is perhaps nowhere to be equalled. Every deception in the power of perspective I saw this day in the representation of the *Isle of Naxos*. The rocks, the agitations of the sea, the remote sky in contact with the watery element, and afterwards the coming on of the storm; the train of the black clouds, the thunder, lightning, and rain: all was exhibited with so much nature and grandeur, as to do honour to the powers of art, in union with the finest taste. The piece represented was *Ariadne at Naxos*. *Ariadne* is here called *Ariane*, as the French are unable to pronounce the *dn*. *Ariadne* is asleep when the curtain draws up; Theseus enters, surveys her earnestly, contends and struggles with his passion, and abandons her, at the persuasion of his fellow travellers. I cannot say, whether the French piece was made on the model of the German, or whether the sameness of the materials led both the poets to the same ideas. *Ariadne* dreams likewise here, though not in broken accents, as in the German, but in a very artificial recitative. It is always tacitly agreed not to find any thing unnatural in performances of the opera; accordingly, I shall take care how I animadvert on a dream set to music.

Picturesque in the highest degree were the attitudes of the actors and actresses; now and then rather stiff from too much affectation. At the end of the opera, a little piece was given called *Les Pretendus*. It had very agreeable music, and was acted with great spirit. The French actors and actresses, on making their entrances, have a certain hilarity in their looks, arising from the consciousness of being the favourites of a public that is not much to be dreaded. Your English players lose this look of self-complacency under a certain anxious mien, as if they were awe-struck at appearing before their judges. One of the best performers you have, was always disgusting to me on this account alone.

On the 20th, we went to the *Varietes Amusantes*. Three pieces were represented; two, which were short, were played with extraordinary spirit, and were good of their kind; but the other, which was much longer, was excellent. It was called *La Joyeuse*, and is one of the serious moral family-pictures, like those lately so much in fashion in London, and of which sort the French have a great number. The author is M. Collin d'Harleville, who first made himself talked of as a man of talents by his *Inconstant*, and afterwards by his *Optimiste*.

On the dropping of the curtain, a volley of claps arose, intermixed with the name of Monvel, Monvel, which re-echoed from all parts of the house with great vociferation. The actor was summoned to appear, to receive the full measure of applause for his talents and assiduity. It was a long while before he came. The cry redoubled. The curtain at length was slowly drawn up. I was witness to one of the finest scenes that ever struck my sight, and which will fill me with unalterable regard for a people, who, with all their frivolity, possess sentiment, taste, and affection to so high a degree.

It was the author himself who was endeavouring to drag the modest actor upon the stage. This latter, quite fatigued by his exertions, and exhausted of breath, sunk in the arms of his transported friend; who with his left hand held him to his breast, while he wiped his eyes with his right. At length, when on his repeated motions, the exclamations and clappings had somewhat abated, with a countenance pale as death, he stammered out: "The man was too modest to come forward: he says he is unworthy of the approbation with which an indulgent public is disposed to honour him. I was obliged to drag him out. What a day this is to me! pardon me for thus publicly embracing him; for thus publicly testifying that the man is the friend of my heart, and that I am as happy by his affection as I am by his talents." He embraced him once more, and before this friendly couple the curtain slowly fell. The clapping of hands, and the cries of bravo! bravo! now continued for a long time, and on turning round to wipe my eyes by stealth, I saw that every eye was moist in the box where I sat. Let it be said, that this was a farce acted after the play: it will always be in my mind an affecting scene. When do actors and authors in any other country meet with these glorious triumphs?

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

Nicholas Poussin was born at Andelys, in Normandy, in June, 1594; a place which, possessing many natural beauties, fostered the early love of art which he manifested. The sketches that young Poussin made among these agreeable scenes, attracted the attention of Quintin Varin, a native of Amiens, then residing at Andelys, who became his first master, and to whom he doubtless owed the success of his future life. "But the study of Varin, and the little town of Andelys, afforded no models that could satisfy the genius of Poussin. He felt that there was greater excellence which might be attained, and must be sought for, and, accordingly, at the age of eighteen, he went alone, friendless and almost moneyless, to Paris." Here his first master was Ferdinand Elle, a Fleming; but he soon left him, and became a pupil of L'Allemand. While in Paris, he gained many friends, particularly a young nobleman of Poitou, who not only furnished him with money, to enable him to prosecute his studies, but also procured him a large collection of excellent prints, and a number of original drawings, which he eagerly and carefully copied, and thus began to form his taste for that grand and chaste style which distinguishes his works.

He often talked of this as the most fortunate occurrence of his life, for it opened to him a glimpse of that light he had so ardently longed for, and taught him to conceive his subjects nobly and historically.

These advantages were, however, soon followed by a reverse, peculiarly irksome to one of Poussin's character. The young nobleman who had so liberally patronized him, was recalled by his mother to his country-seat, and persuaded Poussin to accompany him, as he intended to embellish his house, and to give the direction of the improvements to his friend, whom he also meant to employ to paint several pictures for him. But the mother appears to have had little taste, and no value for the fine arts; she put an end to all her son's projects of improvement, and, instead of fostering the rising genius of her guest, she ridiculed his pursuits, overwhelmed him with a load of domestic accounts, and sought to convert him into a domestic drudge; till, at length, wearied of her harshness and pride, he left her castle, and set out on foot to return to Paris.

Without money, and without acquaintance, the talents which he had hitherto thought only of improving and enlarging, he had now to exert for his daily subsistence. Accordingly, in the towns he had to pass through on his way to Paris, he sold small pictures in distemper at a very low price, and painted the borders and ornaments of the rooms of private houses; but his gains were so inconsiderable, and his labours so severe, that on reaching Paris, he was seized with a dangerous illness, the consequence of over-exertion, and bad or scanty sustenance, and was obliged to return to Andelys, where he remained nearly a year in his father's family, during which period he continued to paint, sometimes in oil, for very low prices. His necessities forced him to adopt the practice of painting in distemper, for the sake of expedition; and to his early practice of that method, may in part be attributed the hardness observable even in his best pictures, at the same time that he owed to it much of his readiness and facility.

Poussin afterwards went to Florence, thence returned to Paris, where he studied anatomy and perspective, and lastly he went to Rome. His reputation rapidly increased, and the most splendid offers were made him. He might have commanded any fortune, but his desires were very moderate, and after he had fixed the price of his pictures, which he rather undervalued, he specified the sum on the back of the piece; if, after that, any one sent him more than the price fixed, he returned the money. Poussin possessed a fine person and an amiable disposition, and died, universally regretted, in 1665, at the age of seventy-one.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CANFELL.

MINERVA MEDICA.

ON SLEEP, BED-ROOMS, BEDDING, AND THE SIESTA. No II.

We caution *bad sleepers* to beware how they indulge in the habit of exciting sleep, by taking any of the preparations of *opium*; they are all injurious to the stomach, and often inconvenient in their effects upon the bowels. As there can be no good digestion without diligent mastication, so there can be no sound sleep, without sufficient exercise. The most inoffensive and agreeable anodyne, is to drink some good white wine, or mulled wine, by way of a supplement to your night-cap. One glass, taken when in bed, immediately before lying down, is as effective as two or three if you sit up any time after.

Many people, if awoke during their first sleep, are unsettled all that night.

and uncomfortable and nervous the following day. The first sleep of those who eat suppers, commonly terminates when the food passes from the stomach. Invalids then awake, and sometimes remain so, in a feverish state; the stomach feeling discontented from being unoccupied, and having nothing to play with:—a small crust of bread, or a bit of biscuit well chewed, accompanied or not, as experience and instinct will suggest, with a few mouthful of mutton or beef broth, or toast and water, or single grog, (that is, one brandy to nine waters) will often restore its tranquillity, and catch sleep again, which nothing invites so irresistibly, as introducing something to the stomach, that will entertain it, without fatiguing it. We have heard persons say they have been much distressed by an intemperate craving for food when they awoke out of their first sleep, and have not got to sleep soundly again after, and risen in the morning as tired as when they went to bed at night, but without any appetite for breakfast. Such will derive great benefit from the foregoing advice. A broth, or gruel supper, is perhaps the best for the dyspeptic, and those who have eaten and drank plentifully at dinner.

The bed-room should be in the quietest situation possible, as it were "the temple of silence;" and, if possible, not less than sixteen feet square. The height of this apartment, in which we pass almost half of our time, is in modern houses absurdly abridged, to increase that of the drawing-room, which is often not occupied once in a month. Instead of living in the pleasant part of the house, where they might enjoy light and air, how often we find people squeezing themselves into "a nice snug parlour," where Apollo cannot spy. We do not recommend either curtains or tester to the bed, especially during the summer. By the help of these, those who might have the benefit of the free circulation of air in a large room, very ingeniously contrive to reduce it to a small closet. Chimney-boards and window-curtains are also inadmissible in a bed-room; but valetudinarians who are easily awoke, or very susceptible of cold, will do wisely to avail themselves of well made double windows and doors; these exclude both noise and cold in a very considerable degree.

The best bed is a well stuffed and well curled horsehair mattress, six inches thick at the head, gradually diminishing to three at feet, on this another mattress five or six inches in thickness: these should be unpicked and exposed to the air, once every year. An elastic horsehair mattress, is incomparably the most pleasant, as well as the most wholesome bed.

Bed-rooms should be thoroughly ventilated, by leaving both the window and the door open every day when the weather is not cold or damp; during which the bed should remain unmade, and the clothes be taken off and spread out for an hour, at least, before the bed is made again. In very hot weather, the temperature becomes considerably cooler every minute after ten o'clock. Between eight o'clock and twelve, the thermometer often falls in sultry weather from ten to twenty degrees, and those who can sit up till twelve o'clock, will have the advantage of sleeping in an atmosphere many degrees cooler than those who go to bed at ten. This is extremely important to nervous invalids, who, however extremely they may suffer from heat, we cannot advise to sleep with the smallest part of the window open during the night. In such sultry days, the *siesta* will not only be a great support against the heat, but will help you to sit up to enjoy the advantage above stated.

A fire in the bed-room is sometimes indispensable, but not as usually made. It is commonly lighted only just before bed-time, and prevents sleep by the noise

it makes, and the unaccustomed stimulus of its light. Chimneys frequently smoke when a fire is first lighted, particularly in snowy and frosty weather; and an invalid has to encounter not only the damp and cold of the room, but has his lungs irritated with the sulphureous puffs from the fresh-lighted fire. A fire should be lighted about three or four hours before, and so managed that it may burn entirely out half an hour before you go to bed; then the air of the room will be comfortably warmed, and certainly more fit to receive an invalid, who has been sitting all day in a parlour as hot as an oven, than a damp chamber, that is as cold as a well.

The Siesta.—The power of position, to alleviate the paroxysms of many chronic disorders, has not received the consideration it deserves. Persons who are in a state of debility from age, or other causes, will derive much benefit from lying down, and seeking repose whenever they feel fatigued, especially during (the first half hour at least of) the business of digestion, and will receive almost as much refreshment from half an hour's sleep, as from half a pint of wine. The restorative influence of the recumbent posture, cannot be conceived; the increased energy it gives to the circulation, and to the organs of digestion, can only be understood by those invalids who have experienced the comforts of it. The *siesta* is not only advisable, but indispensable to those whose occupations oblige them to keep late hours.

The dyspeptic, who tries the effect of recumbency after eating, will soon be convinced that Tristram Shandy was right enough, when he said, that "both pain and pleasure are best supported in a horizontal posture." "If after dinner the poppies of repletion shed their influence on thine eyelids, indulge thou kind Nature's hint." "A quiet slumber in a comfortable warm room, favoureth the operation of digestion, and thou shalt rise, refreshed, and ready for the amusements of the evening." The semi-siesta is a pleasant position, (that is, putting up the feet on a stool about eight inches high) but catching a nap in a chair is advisable only as a substitute when the horizontal posture is not convenient. When you can, lie down on a sofa, loosen all ligatures, and give your bowels fair play.

WONDERS OF A PEN.

Every feather is a mechanical wonder. If we look at the quill, we find properties not easily brought together,—strength and lightness. I know few things more remarkable than the strength and lightness of the very pen with which I am writing. If we cast our eye to the upper part of the stem, we see a material, made for the purpose, used in no other class of animals, and in no other part of birds; tough, light, pliant, elastic. The pith, also, which feeds the feathers, is, amongst animal substances, neither bone, flesh, membrane, nor tendon. The quill part of a feather is composed of circular and longitudinal fibres. In making a pen you must scrape off the coat of circular fibres, or the quill will split in a ragged, jagged manner, making what boys call *cat's teeth*.

But the artificial part of a feather is the *beard*, or, as it is sometimes called, the *vane*. The separate pieces or laminae, of which the beard is composed, are called threads, sometimes filaments, or rays. Now the first thing which an attentive observer will remark is, how much stronger the beard of the feather shows itself to be, when pressed in a direction perpendicular to its plane, than when rubbed, either up or down, in the line of the stem; and he will soon discover the structure which occasions this difference, viz. that the laminae whereof these beards are composed, are flat, and placed with their flat sides towards each other; by which means, whilst they easily bend for the ap-

proaching of each other, as any one may perceive by drawing his finger ever so lightly upwards, they are much harder to bend out of their plane, which is the direction in which they have to encounter the impulse and pressure of the air, and in which their strength is wanted, and put to the trial.

This is one particularity in the structure of a feather; a second is still more extraordinary. Whoever examines a feather, cannot help taking notice, that the threads or laminae of which we have been speaking, in their natural state unite; that they are not parted asunder without some degree of force; that nevertheless there is no glutinous cohesion between them; that, therefore, by some mechanical means or other, they catch or clasp among themselves, thereby giving to the beard or vane its closeness and compactness of texture. Nor is this all: when two laminae, which have been separated by accident or force, are brought together again, they immediately *reclasp*: the connexion, whatever it was, is perfectly recovered, and the beard of the feather becomes as smooth and firm as if nothing had happened to it. Draw your finger down the feather, which is against the grain, and you break, probably, the junction of some of the contiguous threads; draw your finger up the feather, and you restore all things to their former state. This is no common contrivance: and now for the mechanism by which it is effected.

The threads or laminae above-mentioned are interlaced with one another: and the interlacing is performed by means of a vast number of fibres, or teeth, which the laminae shoot forth on each side, and which hook and grapple together. A friend of mine counted fifty of these fibres in one-twentieth of an inch. These fibres are crooked; but curved after a different manner; for those, which proceed from the thread, on the side towards the extremity of the feather, are longer, more flexible, and bent downwards; whereas those which proceed from the side towards the beginning, or quill end of the feather, are shorter, firmer, and turn upwards. The process then which takes place, is as follows: when two laminae are pressed together so that these long fibres are forced far enough over the short ones, their crooked parts fall into the cavity made by the crooked parts of the others; just as the latch that is fastened to a door, enters into the cavity of the catch fixed to the door-post, and there hooking itself, fastens the door; for it is properly in this manner, that one thread of a feather is fastened to the other.

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

In general it may be taken for granted, that violent tempests seldom or never happen without previous indications of their approach. One of the most insidious, but, at the same time, most certain prognostics of an impending storm, is pretty well known to sailors by the name of the "Mackerel sky." The clouds appear dappled, and the sky is generally serene. If these dappled clouds either increase in magnitude and apparent density, or suddenly assume a different shape and description, the storm is at hand; but if they seem to diminish and fade away, they foreshow settled weather.

The halo, or circle round the moon, is another sure prognostic of bad weather, but it does not always precede a heavy gale; perhaps it more frequently denotes rain—very often both wind and rain. The larger and broader the halo, the nearer is the bad weather.

The streaky appearance of the higher clouds is another bad sign, and demonstrates that there is already a strong gale in those regions, which, at no distant period, will visit the lower part of the atmosphere. If the *aurora borealis* makes its appearance, it is the sign of a gale from the opposite point, and the brighter the

aurora the more severe will be the gale, which generally takes place within 30 or 36 hours at most. When the aurora is very brilliant, it denotes that the storm is not far distant.

Shooting or falling stars also indicate an approaching storm, and the more vivid these meteors appear, the more danger is to be apprehended. Virgil noticed this prognostic 2000 years ago, and the justness of his description has been verified a thousand times:—

When glowing stars are seen to glide —
With sparkling train through æther wide;
The watchful mariner will know,
That stormy winds will quickly blow.

ADVANTAGES OF SNOW AND ICE.

Snow is formed by the freezing of the water in clouds. It differs from the particles of hoar-frost, in being crystallized; for, if we examine a flake of snow by a magnifying glass, the whole of it will seem composed of fine shining spicula, or points, diverging like rays from a centre. As the flakes fall down through the atmosphere, they are continually joined by more of these radiated spicula: and thus increase in bulk, like the drops of rain or hailstones. Snow, although it seems to be soft, is really hard, because it is true ice. It seems soft, because at the first touch of the finger, upon its sharp edges or points, they melt; or, they would pierce the finger like so many lancets. The whiteness of snow is owing to the small particles into which it is divided; for ice, when pounded, will become equally white.

But snow is not to be considered merely as a curious and beautiful phenomenon. Besides defending vegetables from the intense cold of the air, and piercing winds, it moistens and pulverizes the soil which has been bound up by the frost; and, as its water has a tendency to putrefaction, it seems, on many accounts, to be admirably fitted to promote vegetation. Another reason of the usefulness of snow, has been suggested by Mr. Parkes. Fur and down afford warm clothing, in consequence of the air they infold within them; atmospheric air being a non-conductor of heat. Hence it is that the carpet which covers the earth in winter, is spread out by nature with so light a hand, that it might hold an abundance of atmospheric air within its interstices, to preserve the warmth of those innumerable tribes of vegetables which it is destined to protect.

Ice is composed of a number of needle-like crystals, united to each other; and the space between these being greater than between the particles of water, this liquid, when frozen, though it is not heavier, yet it occupies more space than before. From this principle of expansion, water-pipes often burst, and hoops fly off from barrels, during an intense frost. To this cause may be attributed the annual diminution of the bulk and height of lofty mountains. The different crevices being filled with water in the summer, this water becomes frozen in the winter; and, by the power of expansion, rolls down vast masses of rock or earth into the neighbouring valleys. By the same operation, the clods of ploughed fields are loosened, and rendered fit for the work of the husbandman.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

The extensive Library belonging to the late Professor Kall, of Copenhagen, which consisted of 200 volumes printed before the year 1500; 1000 folios; 4000 quartos; and 8000 octavos, together with 50,000 Doctoral Disputations, and 688 MSS., mostly relating to Danish History, have been purchased by Mr. Nestler, Bookseller of Hamburg, for the very moderate sum of 9000 marks current. (about 600l. sterling.) The citizens of Copenhagen regret the sale very much, on account of the MSS.

The Cypress Tree.—The unperishable chests which contained the Egyptian mummies, were of cypress. The gates of St. Peter's Church, at Rome, which lasted from the time of Constantine to that of Pope Eugene the Fourth, that is to say, eleven hundred years, were of cypress, and had in that time suffered no decay. According to Thucydides, the Athenians buried the bodies of their heroes in coffins of cypress as being not subject to decay. A similar durability has also been ascribed to cedar.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Cock.—There are few places where different voyagers have not met with cocks and hens, either wild or tame: at Pulo Condore they are like ours, but much less, being only of the size of a crow. In the island of Java they are remarkably large, the cock being so tall as to peck out a dining-table; when it is fatigued it sits down on the first joint of the leg, and is then taller than the common fowls.

These birds vary in colour without end, and are exceedingly beautiful. The game-cocks of England are very remarkable for a bold and invincible spirit, as they will fight till they die, rather than suffer defeat. The fighting of them has been practised there, in a greater or less degree, ever since the Romans first introduced it. In Sumatra they do not trim them for this sport, as in England, nor is the same kind of artificial spur used; theirs being flat, and sharp-edged, like a crooked lancet, or rather like the blade of a scimitar, and proves a most destructive weapon.

The Frizzled, Crisped, or Frieze, variety differs only in the feathers, as the end of every one is curled up, appearing at a distance like wool, or rather as if the bird had just come out of the water.

The comb, wattles, skin, and membrane which covers the bones, in the negro cock are black: the plumage for the most part is of the same colour: and the flesh itself, when boiled, is said to be as black as ink; though in some the outward skin was a perfect negro; the bones also as black as jet: under the skin nothing could be whiter than the flesh, more tender, or more grateful.

The cock claps his wings before he sings or crows. His sight is very piercing; and he never fails to cry, in a peculiar manner, when he discovers any bird of prey in the air.

When the hen has chickens, her affection and pride seem to alter her very nature, and correct her imperfections. No longer voracious, or cowardly, she abstains from all food that her young can swallow, and flies at every creature that she thinks is likely to do them mischief. Whatever the invading animal be, she boldly attacks him, the horse, the hog, or the mastiff. When marching at the head of her little troop, she acts the commander; and has a variety of notes to call her numerous train to their food, or to warn them of approaching danger. Upon one of these occasions the whole brood have been seen to run for security into the thickest part of a hedge, while the hen herself ventured boldly forth, and faced a fox that came for plunder.

In a gentleman's yard in the country, who kept a stock of poultry, an old turkey cock used to take delight in chasing a young cock round the yard and orchard, and whenever he could overtake him, used to beat him unmercifully; he also constantly drove him from his meat, when they were fed. As the cock grew and obtained strength, he began to resist this violence; and, after repeated battles, at last obtained the mastery. The tables were now completely turned, and the cock exercised as much oppression over the turkey cock as he had before received from him. In fact he could not come in sight of the cock but he was instantly chased round the premises; and it was a ludicrous sight to see so large a bird

running with all his speed from an adversary so much smaller than himself. At last he was found dead, with his head and neck thrust into a heap of brushwood, where he had vainly expected to be sheltered from his exasperated antagonist; and thus fell a victim to his tyranny.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ITALIAN LETTERS. No. IV.

LORENZO TO HONORIUS, AT FLORENCE.
Avignon.

When I last wrote to you, Honorius, my mind was deranged by the consideration of truths that are afflicting and intolerable; and indeed, my friend, it is often that they thus afflict it. They reduce it for a time to a species of agony, when it is lost in the excess of its anguish. But when this gust of feeling is over, when this delirium of sorrow has passed away, my mind subsides into a deep, though sullen tranquillity. It is not however a tranquillity that is indicative of internal quiet, and that proceeds from a peaceful source; it is the tranquillity of powerful elements, which from their very strength, are silent in their operations. I now experience this tranquillity, which shuts out a lively sensation of grief, but allows me to feel the terrible though silent lacerations of the heart, when it is eaten and torn asunder by the undying canker of thought.

I frequently walk out on the borders of the river Rhone, amidst rich and luxuriant vegetation, viewing a prospect truly beautiful. But I contemplate the face of nature, its lovely tints, its gaiety and life, with a sort of bitterness, because I feel myself incapable of harmonizing with them. The peasant whiles away the time by the merry song, but Lorenzo sings not, nor does he allow a feeling of gladness to enter into his bosom. He esteems such a feeling as a sort of reproach, situated as he is, as all men are, in the midst of decay, whence they are carried away they know not where.

I lately encountered a remarkable being, with whom I have since become intimately acquainted. I sympathize in some measure with his spirit, and feel towards him a species of kindred. When I first saw him I felt myself humbled in his presence. I beheld, as I thought, as I still think, an extraordinary man, endowed with a mind that can fathom the universe, standing amidst the beings around him, pre-eminent and singular. The person I speak of, is of a middle stature, and very delicately formed, seemingly about the age of thirty years. His gait and manner are stately, but his motions are characterised by an elegant ease. His visage is rather long, and very much wasted; his complexion a light brown. His eye is dark, and in his eye is his soul—a soul of fire—sanguine, lofty, and magnificent. Above all common and groveling conceptions, above all sordid and degrading appetites, he is innately superior and elevated. His eye is penetrating, and seems to search the very heart. It is not that scrutiny which is rude and offensive, the offspring of impertinence and curiosity; but he seems involuntarily to dive into the soul. His body has been reduced by constant abstinence, and the perpetual workings of his powerful mind. He professes an imagination luxuriant, rich, and powerful. It partakes of the nature of his mind and character, ardent and glowing, yet sedate and still. Creating or discerning beauties that to a more ephemeral observer would not be apparent or be known to exist. These having been dwelt upon for a time without being expressed, acquire a colour deep and impressive; and if he give to them utterance after having thus matured them in his mind, the effect on the hearer is strong and irresistible.

He is a man of habitual meditation, in which his soul takes its flight to an ethereal elevation. When he leaves behind him all that is earthly, and ascends in spirit to the realms of the empyrean. But he has also meditated on earthly things. He is well acquainted with the history and the politics of nations. He is a master of profane as well as sacred learning, and from letters he derives his chief enjoyment; for in society he has no pleasure—he entertains no fellow-feeling with the butterflies of the day. Though his mind is strong, and when necessary, energetic, it is extremely tender, and at times it is overpowered by sorrowful reflections. I, though almost a stranger, have seen him weep; and although, Honorius, I had thought that my affections were bound up in my bosom, that my sympathies were all necessary for my own alleviation, that I would not waste a single tear for any of the human kind, when I saw that eye of fire dimmed with weeping, wept in my turn, and my soul expanded into a sympathy with this exalted and majestic man. I have hitherto almost hated my species, because I could find none whose feelings corresponded with mine. But in many particulars I found a resemblance in our characters that endeared this man to me. In examining the distresses of his heart, I beheld the very canker that preyed upon my own. In soothing him, in assuaging his griefs, I allayed my own, for our griefs were the same. This community of melancholy feelings has formed a bond that binds us to each other. I love, admire, and revere him. Each of these sentiments is strong, and I know not which predominates. I flatter myself that he regards me with a portion of the same good will.

His name is Francisco Josef Rivero, and he is a native of the kingdom of Castile. He professes all the magnanimity and dignity that have distinguished his countrymen. To a stranger he appears somewhat arrogant, but his disposition is the reverse. Accommodating and mild, he discounts those with whom he communicates. True, he assumes an air irresistibly repulsive towards those that intrude, or with whom he entertains no wish to become familiar. But this severity melts away at the approach of any that he deems worthy of acquaintance and friendship. He loves his country, but a residence in it would be hateful, from the occurrence there of many evils to him. He has taken up his abode in a foreign country to avoid the recollection of those evils.

The manners of the people here, are widely different from his. There is an immensity of distance between the volatile temper of the Frenchman, and the saturnine character of the Spaniard, which in Rivero is very distinguished. But he avoids most of the inhabitants; and his residence here at all is induced only by the desire of obtaining knowledge, and of diving more deeply into science than even his inquiring mind has hitherto done. France offers to such a man facilities difficult to be found in any other country.

I have thus laid before you the character of a man whom it is impossible to know, and not to esteem. You may think, Honorius, that my regard for him is rather warm for so short an acquaintance as there is between us. But his is a character that cannot be viewed with coolness, or esteemed only after long and patient investigation. It displays itself before you at once, and seizes on your admiration, your reverence, and affection. Though independent and proud, though possessed of a suitable portion of self-love and self-respect, I confess, my friend, that when I cast my eyes on this man, I felt my inferiority, and shrunk at the silent acknowledgment. I saw in him a colossus of mind and of soul, that seemed to say to the beholder, "fall down and worship!"

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XLIX. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*History of Captain Winterfield.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Sketches of Copenhagen, No. I.*

LITERATURE.—*"Peveril of the Peak," by the author of Waverley.*

THE DRAMA.—*Covent Garden Theatre.—Dramatic Anecdotes.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoir of William Talbot, the Blind Irish Piper.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On Regulating the Stomach, No. I.—Means of Preventing Caterpillars on Fruit Trees.—Remarkable Wells and Fountains.—Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.—Natural History, &c.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Nose; its advantages and disadvantages.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*Wouter the Doubter on Love and Marriage.*

POETRY.—*"The Close of the Year 1820," by Florio.*

GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We think "L." ought to rest satisfied with having already denounced "vengeance," vented his "curse," and his "hate," in the daily papers, on the Lady whom he accuses of "treachery and deceit."

"H. To —" is received.

The Editor of the National Advocate has politely handed us the communication of "An Observer" on *Agricultural Chemistry*, which we would willingly publish, were we assured that it would be followed with answers to the questions it contains. We fully agree with the writer, that "the application of chemistry to the arts in general, must be eminently useful to our country;" but we much doubt whether this desirable object can be promoted, by giving a string of queries on the subject without their solution.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.—HAMLET.

Mr. Finch, who has lately arrived in this city from England, and who, we learn, is grandson of the celebrated Dr. Priestley, proposes, during the ensuing week, and under the auspices of the Literary and Philosophical Society, to commence a short course of lectures on the interesting subject of Geology and Mineralogy.

The Legislature of Virginia has closed, after a session of nearly three months. A bill to save annually \$20,000 was lost, because the two houses disagreed concerning an appropriation of less than \$100 to one of the door-keepers!

The Memoirs of the History of France, during the reign of Napoleon, said to be dictated by him at St. Helena, it is thought will extend to fifteen or sixteen volumes.

In the Legislature of Maryland, an act has passed both houses, that pledges the state to subscribe \$50,000 to the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, whenever \$225,000 shall have been subscribed by other persons, or bodies politic or corporate.

The splendid collection of minerals formed by the late Dr. Bruce, and now in the hall of the Medical College of this city, is offered for sale, as a part of the estate of the late Dr. De Witt.

The expense of completing the Raritan and Delaware Canal will not exceed \$250,000.

MARRIED.

Mr. Daniel H. Turner to Miss Elizabeth Gai-
ne.

Mr. John F. Silvia to Miss Barbara Susan
Adams.

Mr. Charles M. Williams to Miss Eliza Jones.

Mr. Joseph Reeves to Mrs. Susan Size.

Mr. John Courson to Miss Anna Frazer.

DIED.

William Heyer, Jun. aged 89 years.
Mrs. Margaret Roach, aged 77 years.
Mrs. Ann M'Lean, in the 78th year of her age.
Mr. Nehemiah Woodruff, aged 50 years.
Mrs. Dorothy M'Neil, aged 57 years.
Capt. Mathew Whitmarsh, aged 36 years.
Mrs. Ellen Turner, in the 62d year of her age.
Richard E. Reynolds, aged 26 years.
Miss Ann Warner, aged 17 years.
James Creighton, a native of Ireland, aged 22.
Ann, the wife of Charles Dickinson, Esq.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

NATIONAL SKETCHES, 1822.

BY FLORIO.

FRANCE.

"Oh! shame on thee, land of the Gaul!
Oh! shame on thy children and thee—
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall!"

Fair France! thou art sleeping in deathlike repose,
Not such as thou wert when the Corsican rose,
Who triumphantly soared with the eagle to fame—
Who shone as a comet in grandeur and flame.
The beacon of Gaul! the young hero who strode
On ambition's aspiring and dangerous road—
The conqueror of Lodi—of Wagram—who sped
Through Marengo and Austerlitz, fields of the dead—
Whose march was to empire—whose glorious view
Was dominion—whose watch-word was ever "subdue."
Yes, his was the aim, his the struggle to bind
His powerful chain round the hearts of mankind—
To look down from a throne on the world in his thrall
While its monarchs should bow to the hero of Gaul!
The hero of Gaul—where, Napoleon, art thou?
The death-drops have gathered, have rolled from thy brow,
And the sword, and the sceptre, the star, and the plume,
Are but funeral trophies that rest on thy tomb!

ITALY.

Savior arms
Luxuria incubit— JUVENAL.

Dark and deep is the curse that hangs over thy clime,
Italia—enwrapped in the midnight of Time—
Italia—the proud, the all mighty of yore,
But the country of heroes and sages no more.
The land of the Caesars—whose glorious sway
Made potentates tremble and nations obey—
Where an Ovid could melt, and a Horace could move,
And Tibullus breathe all the soft language of love—
Where the wisdom of Cato exalted the mind,
And Tully shone forth as the pride of mankind—
Where Trajan the good, and the just Antonine
Rode genius to flourish and learning to shine—
Where bards and where heroes, a numberless throng,
Burned in battle's commotion or melted in song,
The seven-hilled city for valour and worth
Shone proudly as the queen of the earth.
Where in times less remote an Athenian drew
Breathed warmth upon Tasso's melodious lyre,
Whom strain could beguile the dull prison, where wrong
Had thrown the bold master of music and song.
Where the strain of a Dante re-echoed sublime,
And proud Ariosto sung chivalry's prime—
Where genius and taste reared their classical throne
And hailed every valley and hill for their own.
Fair realm of Romance, and of Poesy's lay,
All beaming with summer, all lovely and gay—
Remembrance still lingers on many a scene,
And glory still points unto what thou hast been!
But desecrated is the nerve of the Roman who bore
Thine armies in triumph to Albion's shore—
Thy Julius—thine Adrian—thy Nerva the just,
Have for ages and ages been mouldering in dust—
And thy sons unsparring, recoil from the deed,
For freedom to strike and for freedom to bleed!

GREECE.

"The hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage."
CHILD HAZARD.

Lo! a morning hath dawned on the midnight which slept
On the land of the Muse—while fair Liberty wept,
While her tears flowed in anguish, and never could cease,
For the heartless oppression that trampled on Greece.
She wakes—the fierce lioness breaks from her chain—
She wakes unto glory and gladness again!
Behold! o'er her vales and her mountains afar,
Thro' the clouds of her shame gleams the lightning of war.
Shall the Ottoman now with impunity tread,
As lord o'er that land where Leonidas bled?
Shame—shame on thee, Europe! the die hath been thrown,
And the heroes are left to the struggle alone.
Alas! for the land of the valiant, where sprung
The mighty in arm and persuasive in tongue—
Where genius was born, and where poetry threw
A veil of enchantment to brighten the view—
Where philosophy opened her magical page,
The guardian of youth and the solace of age—
Where the life-breathing canvas delighted the eye
With the roses of earth and the hues of the sky,
And the scenes consecrated by passion and love
Could glow with expression; could smile, and could move—
Where the marble of Paros, all polished in form,
Seemed to melt and to breathe, with humanity warm—
Where the columns in grace and in grandeur combined,
Seemed the fabrics of heaven, though the work of mankind!
Where Pallas presided and blessed the domain
On which piety reared her majestic fane—
Where the chalice was filled and libations were poured
To that tutelary goddess—that Virgin adored!
Alas! shall the Mosaic be suffered to twine
His fetters around the Parthenon's shrine?
Dawn forth, other years—and awaken, ye dead,
From your slumber of ages—arouse ye who bled

By the Hellespont's flow—upon Ilium's plain—
And urge the war-couriers to conquest again:
Long the form of Pelides bath slept in the urn—
Shall such valour no more to his country return?
Oh, where is the spirit,—oh, where is the spear
That checked the proud Persian's insulting career—
That stood against millions unmoved as the rock
When the waves of old ocean rush on to the shock?
That spirit now springs from the depth of the grave,
And claims for its son YPSILANTI the brave!

Faith! there rose thine altar—thy temple was there,
And shone from afar like a beacon in air,
On that soil where the cross of religion was reared,
From heaven imparted—by mortals revered—
Then once more from the sky let the dim crescent wane,
And the cross float in triumph o'er Athens again.
Oh, Greece!—be thy mightiness such as of old,
When the heroes of Sparta and Macedonia roiled
With high emulation, to mix in the fight,
Unbacked in arm and impetuous in might;
Remember the laurels Themistocles won—
Let Salamis witness the deeds he has done!
Away with thy fetters, oppression, and shame,
Awake thee to honour—to freedom and fame.
Then the Muse yet again o'er Olympus shall stray,
And the summit of Ida re-echo her lay—
Then Genius anew on thy region shall dawn,
And the future shall equal the days that are gone!

THINGS TO COME.

"The heart and the mind,
And the voice of mankind,
Shall arise in communion—
And what shall resist that proud union?"

Fair Freedom! thou art man's best benison given,
The birth-right of earth and the blessing of heaven;
Let tyranny still wield his blood-spotted sword,
Let his fury upon thee be ruthlessly poured,
Yet the hour is fast dawning—the glorious hour—
When thou shalt awaken resistless in power—
When thy sons in hot haste to the battle shall speed,
For thee as thy boon, or for death as thy need—
Then when thy fair standard is widely unfurled,
And shines like the day-star which beacons the world—
When battle shall utter his shout of alarm,
When Carnage shall revel, and Death lift his arm—
Then shall nation with nation in union combine,
And press in hot rage to the numberless line,
To fight for the cause that is sacred to man,
And dash in wild uproar to lead in the van.
Then the shackles of tyrants in ruin shall fall,
And the earth be released from inglorious thrall—
Then the voice of mankind shall ascend in acclaim,
And the watch-word of nations be Washington's name.
Then when thy proud standard expands to the sky,
And thy sons rally round it to conquer or die—
Then on the high Aodes that banner shall wave,
And golden Peru burst the chains of the slave.
Break the iron that rives, and the bands that restrain,
And free the world from the curse of the chain!
Then, Helvetia—the thunders of warfare shall swell
On thy glaciers that witnessed the exploits of Tell—
Then on proud Unterwalden shall beam such a day
As shone on Mongarthen and Sempach's affray.
Then, Sarmatia—thy sun shall break forth from the cloud,
And thy chiefs in high hope to the conflict shall crowd,
Some new Kosciuszko thy right shall maintain,
Some Pulaski lead on thy bold heroes again,
They shall sweep like the Siroc to waste and destroy,
And the Vistula roll his free waters in joy!
Then, Africa—then shall new liberty reign
On Joliba's banks and on Nubia's plain:
Fated Africa—ages have vanished away
Since thy long line of Ptolemys lay to decay—
Since Amlicar and Annibal slumbered in fame,
And thy once boasted Carthage is now but a name.
Thine Egypt—where Art and where Science first grew—
Where the pyramids towered aloft on the view—
Where earth wore creation's most exquisite smile,
Upon the fair banks of the bountiful Nile—
Where the hundred-porch'd Thebes in its loftiness shone,
And power and elegance marked her own—
Oh, long hath thy glory been but a dream,
As a meteor of midnight that dies on the stream—
And long the descendants of Hanno the brave,
Have bent 'neath the load that o'erburthened the slave.
Oh, Africa! when the dread mandate of heaven
Shall proclaim to the world that thy bondage is given,
When the maelstrom rolls from Eternity's breath,
And thy battle-song breathes of defiance and death—
When thy phalanx unshrinking—thy daring array—
Shall rush like the tempest which darken the day—
Let oppression then tremble—let tyranny quake,
For the spirit of deep retribution shall wake—
Let them shrink when the bolts of thy vengeance are
To punish a guilty and barbarous world!

FLORIO.

For the Minerva.

COLUMBIA'S SON.

Sung by Mr. Petrie, at the New-Orleans Theatre, on the
8th January, 1823.

All hail to the day when our flag was unfurled,
And her stars brightly shone o'er a wondering world!
'Tis the greatest and proudest,
And Fame shall sound loudest
Through ages unborn, the bright deeds that were done,
While the red blood was streaming,
And glory was beaming
Round the head of the hero—Columbia's son.

Oh, heard ye the screams of the eagle afar,
And heard ye the thunder loud muttering there;
And heard ye the crashing,
And saw ye the flashing,

That blazed in the field where the battle was won.
And heard ye the story
Of fame and of glory
That crown'd the bold hero—Columbia's son?

'Twas Jackson was foremost that day in the fight,
'Twas Jackson who crush'd the proud foe in his might:
And the foes who assailed him
Their conqueror hail'd him,
While the trumpet proclaim'd that the battle was done.
And vict'ry around him
With brightest wreaths crown'd him,
And gave him the name of Columbia's son.

New-Orleans.

ÆTNA.—A SKETCH.

It was a lovely night;—the crescent moon,
(A bark of beauty on its dark blue sea)
Winning its way amid the billowy clouds,
Unwared, unnoted, moved on. The sky
Was studded thick with stars, which glittering streamed
An intermittent splendour through the heavens
I turned my glance to earth; the mountain winds
Were sleeping in their caves,—and the wild sea
With its innumerable billows melted down
To one unmoving mass, lay stretched beneath
In deep and tranceful slumber; giving back
The host above, with all its dazzling sheen,
To Fancy's ken, as though the luminous sky
Had rained down stars upon its breast. Suddenly,
The scene grew dim: those living lights rushed out;
And the fair moon, with all her gorgeous train,
Had vanished like the frost-work of a dream.
Darkness arose:—and volumed clouds swept o'er
Earth and the ocean. Through the gloom, at times,
Sicilian Ætna's blood-red flame was seen
Fitfully flickering. The stillness now
Yielded to murmurs hurrying on the air
From out her deep-voiced crater; and the winds
Burst through their bonds of adamant, and lashed
The weltering ocean, that so lately lay
Calm as the slumbers of a cradled child.
To a demoniac madness. The broad wave
Swelled into boiling surges, which appeared,
Whence'er the mountain's lurid light revealed
Their progress to the eye, presumptuously,
To dash against the ebon roof of heaven.
Then came a sound—a fearful, deafening sound—
Sudden and loud, as if an earthquake rent
The globe to its foundations: with a rush,
Starting deep Midnight on her throne, rose up,
From the red mouth of Ætna's burning mount,
A giant tree of fire, whence sprouted out
Thousands of boundless branches, which put forth
Their fiery foliage in the sky: and showered
Their fruit, the red-hot lava, to the earth,
In terrible profusion. Some fell back
Into the hell from whence they sprang, and some,
Gaining an impulse from the winds that raged
Unceasingly around, sped o'er the main,
Beneath its yawning billows. The black smoke,
Blotting the snows that shroud chill Cumæ's height,
Rolled down the mountain's sides, girding its base
With artificial darkness; for the sea,
Catania's palaces and towers, and even
The far-off shores of Syracuse, revealed
In the deep glare that deluged heaven and earth.
Flashed forth in fearful light upon the eye,
And there was seen a lake of liquid fire
Streaming and rolling slowly on its course,
And widening as it flowed (like the dread jaws
Of some huge monster are its prey he feared.)
At its approach the loftiest pines bent down,
And strewn its surface with their trunks;—the earth
Shook at its coming—towns and villages,
Deserted of their habitants, were whelmed
Amid the flood, and lent it ampler force.
The noble's palace, and the peasant's cot,
Alike but served to swell its fiery tide.
Shrieks of wild anguish rushed upon the gale;
And universal Nature seemed to wrestle
With the gaunt forms of Darkness and Despair.

Epitaph.

Here lies of France the Eighteenth Louis:
The good he did—no record tells (that true is)
Like other animals, he wore a head;
Ate—drank—did nothing—prayed—then went to bed.
Was Bourbon France ungrateful!—No such thing;
Thus qualified—and fat—they made him King.
He kept the throne a space—"God bless'd" the givers,
Attended mass—raised saints—and ate ducks' livers;
Cut off some patriots' heads—"twas hasty, rather;"
Baptized church bells—and stood himself godfather.
This having done—and more, if not belied,
One day, like other animals—he died.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Music.

PUZZLE II.—Because they require hard pressing.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is water just frozen like one of the cardinal virtues?

II.

I am taken from a mine; confined in a wooden case, and
used almost by every one.

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 658 Peace between the Saracens and the Em-
pire; the former agreeing to pay a yearly
tribute.
- 659 Theodosius, a deacon, put to death by his
brother, the Emperor Constant, who, haunt-
ed by frightful dreams, left Constantinople,
and staid some time at Syracuse.
- 661 Ali, one of the Caliphs, being killed, was
succeeded in Arabia by his son Hassan,
who after six months ceded to Moavia, his
father's competitor.
- Death of Aribert, King of Lombardy. His
sons quarrelled about his kingdom.
- Arrival of the Emperor Constant at Rome,
where he was treated with great honours.
- 662 Grimoald, Duke of Beneventum, seized the
kingdom of Lombardy.
- 664 The Emperor returned to Syracuse, levied
great contributions, and rendered himself
odious.
- 665 The Saracens in a second expedition into
Africa, took several towns.
- 668 Death of the Emperor Constant, at Syra-
cuse, after a reign of 27 years. Constant-
ine IV. son of Constant, assumed his two
brothers as colleagues, but afterwards, out
of jealousy, had their noses cut off.
- The Saracens carried off 30,000 prisoners
from Africa.
- 669 The Saracens took and destroyed Syracuse.
- 670 The Picts in Scotland converted by St. Co-
lumba.
- Death of Clotaire III. King of Neustria.
- Childeric II. became sovereign of all France.
- 671 The Saracens invaded lesser Asia, and pre-
pared to besiege Constantinople.
- Death of Grimoald, King of the Lombards.
- 672 The Saracens landed in Thrace, besieged
Constantinople for six months, and took up
their winter quarters at Cyzicus.
- Death of Racerinto, King of the Visigoths
in Spain. Wamba chosen and crowned in
his stead.
- 673 The Saracens besieged Constantinople anew.
The generals of the Empire defeated their
army; great part of their fleet dispersed;
more than 30,000 perished on board. Cal-
linicus, famous architect and mathemati-
cian, invented a fire called the Greek fire,
which consumed the Saracen fleet on the
water.
- Childeric, King of France, being killed,
Thierry, his brother, was placed on the
throne; but from this time the mayor of the
palace ruled the state.
- 674 Ebroin, mayor of the palace, set on the
throne one Clovis, who, as he pretended,
was the son of Clotaire III.
- 675 The Saracens attempting to land in Spain,
are defeated by Wamba, and their fleet
destroyed.
- 676 The Saracens made peace for 30 years with
the Emperor, to whom they agreed to pay
a considerable tribute.
- 678 The Bulgarians, so called from the river
Volga, invaded Thrace, settled on the
Danube, and gave their name to the pro-
vince still called Bulgaria.
- 679 Christianity preached to the Frisians, by S.
Wilfrid, of York.
- 680 Death of Moavia, Caliph, after a reign of
21 years. His son Yesid succeeded him.
Third council of Constantinople.
- Wamba, King of the Visigoths, abdicated
his crown, and retired to a monastery. He
was succeeded by Ervigio.
- 681 The Monothelites condemned at the council
of Constantinople.
- England afflicted with plague and famine.
- 683 Dissension continued among the Saracens
Moavia II. son of Yesid, Caliph; one month
after whom, Mervan, one of his kinsmen.
- 685 Death of Constantine IV. or Pogonatus,
after 17 years reign. His son Justinian II.
aged 16 years, succeeded him.
- 686 Death of Bertrand, King of Lombardy. His
son Gondibert succeeded.
- 687 Death of Conon, pope.
- Death of Ervigio, King of Spain. Egica,
kinsman of Wamba, succeeded.
- Pepin, mayor of the palace, defeated King
Thierry, in France.
- 690 Justinian, breaking the truce with the Sa-
racens, was defeated by them, and obliged
to yield Armenia.
- 691 Death of Thierry, King of Neustria and
Burgundy. His son Clovis III. put in his
stead. Pepin continued to rule as mayor
of the palace.
- 693 Justinian employed a Persian architect to
build several magnificent edifices, who put
several artists and persons of quality to
death.
- 694 Justinian deposed, while meditating a gen-
eral massacre at Constantinople. Leontius,
a patrician, chosen Emperor, caused his
nose to be amputated, banished him to
Chersonesus, and put to death the mini-
sters of his cruelty.

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